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THE UNION OF THE DEMOCRACY

FOR THE SAKK OF THE UNION.

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BY OWEN S. KELLY.
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PARTIAL.



From the Louisiana Courier.
Song for the Times.

To be sung in full chorus at the Democratic Mass meetings, during the Presidential Campaign.

Tune—Old Zip Coon.
Oh! the whigs are all agog,
But the can't come it now,
For the Democratic candidates,
Are fresh from the plough;
They plough all day,
And they plough all night,
Through the fields of Democracy,
To set us all aright.
Chorus—Then up with your banners,
And make the welkin ring,
We'll shout hosannas,
For Franklin Pierce and King.

Shout for the loco is here,
But the whig is nowhere,
The loaves and the fishes,
He'll no longer share;
For Fillmore and Webster,
Have both left the field,
And Scott the rival candidate,
Will soon have to yield.
Chorus—Then up with your banners, &c.

Democracy will triumph;
As it ever has here—
For the whigs are "small potatoes,"
And their candidate "small beer,"
For though he fought bravely,
In the field at "Lundy's Lane,"
He's sure to be defeated,
In the present campaign.
Chorus—Then up with your banners, &c.

The Hero of Mexico,
Ranks very high,
As a "Military Chieftain,"
We do not deny;
But the storming of Chapultepec,
Was a very trifling thing,
To storm the "White House,"
'Gainst General Pierce and King!
Chorus—Then up with your banners, &c.

Oh! we've had enough of whiggery,
Since eighteen forty-nine,
And a "hasty plate of soup,"
Is worse than "Seward's (soured) wine,"
As the Galphins and Gardiners,
And "all the world" will see,
With "the rest of mankind,"
In eighteen fifty three.
Chorus—Then sing out your Banners &c.
A FOULMAN.

Curious Deception.

The following might set at defiance Mr. Neal Dow, and the Maine law.
Writes a gentleman from Paris:
I had caught a bad cold, and just as I had lifted up my nose to sneeze, I saw through one of the windows of the Mayor's office, in the twelfth arrondissement, the body of a negro hanging by the neck.

At the first glance, and even at the second, I took it for a human being, whom disappointed love, or perhaps an expeditious judge, had disposed of so suddenly; but I soon ascertained that the ebony gentleman in question was only a large doll, as large as life.—What to think of this, I did not know so I asked the door keeper the meaning of it.

"This is the Contraband Museum," was the answer, and on my showing a curiosity to examine it, he was kind enough to act as my cicerone.
In a huge dirty room are scattered over the floor, on the walls and along the ceiling all the inventions of roguery which had been confiscated from time to time by the guardians of the law, the revenue officers. It is a complete arsenal of weapons of conflagration; all, unfortunately, in complete confusion. Look before you, there is a hog-head dressed up as a nurse, with a child in his arms, and a white cloth. On the other side are logs hollow as the Trojan horse, and filled with whole armies of regulars. On the floor lies a large box containing,

gorged with China silks, and just beyond it a pile of coal curiously perforated with spoils of cotton. The colored gentlemen who excited my sympathy at first, met with his fate under the following circumstances: He was built of tin, painted black, and stood like a heyduck or Ethiopian chasseur on the foot board of a carriage, fasten by his feet and hands. He had frequently passed through the gates and was well known by sight to the soldiers, who noticed he was always showing his teeth—which they supposed to be the custom of his country.

One day the carriage he belonged to was stopped by a crowd at the gate. There was as usual a grand chorus of oaths and yells, the vocal part being performed, by the drivers and cart men, and the instrumental by their whips.

The negro however never spoke a word. His good behavior delighted the soldiers, who held him up as an example to the crowd. "Look at that black fellow," they cried; "see how well he behaves! Bravo, nigger, bravo!"

He showed a perfect indifference to their applause.

"My friend," said a clerk at the barrier jumping on the foot board, and slapping our sable friend on the shoulder, "we are really very much obliged to you."

Oh, surprise!—the shoulder rattled!—The officer was bewildered, he sounded the footman all over and found he was made of metal, and fell as his skin would hold at the best contraband liquor, which was drawn out of his foot.

The juicy mortal was seized at once, and carried off in triumph.

The first night the revenue people drank up one of his shoulders, and he was soon bled to death.—It is now six years since he lost all the moisture in his system, and was reduced to a dry skeleton.

Gen Pierce's letter.

CONCORD, (N.H.) June 17, 1852.
Gentlemen—I have the honor to acknowledge your personal kindness in presenting to me this day your letter officially informing me of my nomination, by the Democratic National Convention, as a candidate for the Presidency of the United States.

The surprise with which I received the intelligence of the nomination was not unmingled with painful solicitude, and yet it is proper for me to say that the manner in which it was conferred was very peculiarly gratifying. The delegation from New Hampshire with all the glow of State pride and all the warmth of personal regard, would not have submitted my name to the convention, nor would they have cast a vote for me under circumstances other than those which occurred.

I shall always cherish with pride and gratitude the recollection of the fact that the voice which first pronounced for me—and pronounced alone—came from the mother of States—a pride and gratitude rising far above any consequences that can befall me personally.

May I not regard it as a fact pointing to the overthrow of sectional jealousies, and, looking to the personal life and vigor of a Union cemented by the blood of those who have bled to their reward—a Union wonderful in formation, boundless in its hopes, amazing in its destiny! I accept the nomination, relying upon an abiding devotion to the interest, the honor, and the glory of our whole country, but, beyond and above all upon a Power superior to all human might—a Power which, from the first gun of our revolution, in every crisis through which we have passed, in every hour of our acknowledged peril, when the dark clouds have shut down around us, has interposed as if to baffle human wisdom, outmatch human forecast, and bring out of darkness the rainbow of promise.—Weak myself, faith and hope repose there in security.

I accept the nomination upon the platform adopted by the convention, not because this is expected of me as a candidate but because the principles it embraces command the approbation of my judgment; and with them, I believe I can safely say there has been no word nor act of my life in conflict.

I have only to tender my grateful acknowledgments to you, gentlemen, to the convention of which you were members, and to the people of our common country.

I am, with the highest respect,
Your most obedient servant,
FRANKLIN PIERCE.

To Hon. J. S. Barbour, J. Thompson, Alpheus Felch, Pierre Soule.

A PASSING THOUGHT.—Rochester is forced to content himself with the same sky as the poor newspaper writer, and the great banker cannot order a private sunset, or add one ray to the magnificence of night. The same air swells all lungs. The same blood swirls all veins. Each one possesses really, only his own thoughts and his own senses. Soul and body these are the property which a man owns. All that is valuable is to be laid for nothing in this world. Genius, beauty and love, are not bought and sold. You may buy a rich bracelet, but not a well turned arm to wear it—a pearl necklace, but not a pretty throat with which it shall vie. The richest banker on earth would vainly offer a fortune to write a verse like Byron. One comes into the world naked and goes out naked; the difference in the finances of a billionaire for a shroud is not much. Man is a handful of clay, which turns quickly back again to dust.

Georgia Whig Press.

The Macon Messenger says—"We view the nomination of Gen Scott, as the triumph of the enemies of the South and it now remains for our political friends in the State to take such course as will best conserve the great interests of our section."

The Augusta Sentinel concludes a string of objections, with the following somewhat emphatic declaration:
"For these reasons we will not support Gen. Scott."

The Savannah Republican says of Webster and Fillmore:

"We could have supported either of these men with no less pride than pleasure. But General Scott is a very different person. He has played the part of a silent candidate and we have had enough of silent candidates. Nay more—he has been kept before the people months, with a padlock upon his lips, and in principles in Mr. Seward's breeches pocket. As such it is needless to say that we nor the whigs of Georgia can support him."

The Wilmington (North Carolina) Journal says:

"To say that Gen Scott's nomination has been received with coldness, nay, with anger and disgust, would be but to state the simple truth, in which we will be borne out by all parties. We know the power of party associations, and the efforts that will be made to bring the whig party in North Carolina up to the support of the ticket, and we have no doubt but that these efforts will be successful in many instances; still we know that there are many intelligent and reflecting whigs who cannot be either whipped into the traces, or wheeled round to vote for Gen Scott.—The strictly sectional vote by which he was nominated—and the startling fact that the General's most devoted body guard of 66 votes from his strongholds refuse to sustain the platform—all these facts will way heavily against any electioneering efforts that may hereafter be made in his favor."

From the New York Day Book, (Whig.)

"As for ourselves—the Day Book and its readers—we never will go for Scott and Seward. We tell you plainly, and we speak for ten thousand subscribers in the Northern States—subscribers who take the Day Book because the like it and the principles it advocates—we will not support Gen. Scott if he is nominated. We could not do so without stultifying ourselves and unpaying all we have ever said against the abolition wing of whig party. As far as one, or two, or three, or a hundred individuals are concerned, it would make but little difference whether the vote for or against Gen Scott (although Gov. Hunt was elected by 214 votes) but when we know that what we now write, and what we have heretofore written, is read by six or seven thousand people in this city, and so many more in the country, who think just as we do, we see plainly that Gen Scott stands no more a chance in this State against Franklin Pierce than we do. Horace Greeley, or Lewis Tappan, would poll just as many votes as Winfield Scott, and if our Southern brethren don't believe it let them do over the Abolitionists and nominate him."

OPINIONS OF THE BOSTON WHIG PRESS.

Boston, June 24, 1852.

The Journal endorses the nomination of Gen. Scott with a heavy heart.

The Atlas warmly sustains Scott, but says:

"The people of Massachusetts will have Webster or nothing. They prefer defeat under his banner to success under one who does not command their confidence and respect."

The Advertiser,
"Is struck with hardly less surprise than regret, and fears the decision forbodes disastrous consequences to the welfare of the whig party and the country."

The Courier says:
"The nomination fell upon the inhabitants of the city like a funeral pall; what is said weeks ago it has no reason to unsay now. Its opinions cannot be whisked about at a moment's warning by the caprice of a few individuals when the blood has been kept at fever heat for six days in a sort of black hole of Calcutta. It will wait the return of the delegates before deciding whether to sustain the nomination or not."

The Mail (neutral) says:
"The effect caused by the nomination of Gen. Scott upon the crowd in State street, was like the appearance of a contribution box in church, only the scattering was more general and indiscriminate."

The Boston Transcript (whig) says:
"The long agony is over, and General Scott has been nominated. The result seems to have been brought about by Southern votes. If the South choose to give such comfort and support to the party identified with opposition to the compromise, the Webster men must acquiesce with the best grace the can. It is useless to conceal the fact that news of the nomination of General Scott excites no enthusiasm whatever among the great body of the whigs here; that on the contrary it is received with grudging chagrin."

OPINIONS OF THE NEW YORK PRESS.

The Journal of Commerce (national) says of the nominations:

"Much disappointment was manifested yesterday among the National Whigs when the result of the 53d ballot was announced. They were generally most earnestly in favor of Daniel Webster for that distinguished post—a name to which no honors can be added by the possession of the highest office within the gift of the American people."

The Tribune (free-soil) says:
"With no ordinary satisfaction we give to the breeze the waving banner, inscribed with the names of Scott and Graham. This ticket can be elected, and shall be."

The Herald says:
"This communication we predicted from the moment Scott was started by Clayton of Delaware. It is a triumph to Seward over Fillmore and Webster, with all the favor, influence, and patronage of the government to back them. As matters now stand, Pierce appears to have the best chance.—Gen. John E. Wood will succeed Scott as Commander-in-chief."

The Times (free soil) says:
"The work of the Convention has terminated admirably and reflects the integrity sound judgment, and lofty sense of the whig party."

The Courier (whig) is very severe on the nomination and begs to disagree with the action of the Convention very decidedly. It says:

"The mass of the whigs in this city have received the intelligence with sudden indignation. On every side we have heard the determination expressed not to support the Baltimore nominee. This last remark is certainly a very true one, and a large number of the whigs have remarked that sooner than vote for Scott they will go for Pierce. The success of the latter is generally believed beyond a doubt."

The Day Book (whig) says:
"The story is told—Winfield Scott is the whig nominee for President, and the election of Franklin Pierce is secured! 'I will not vote for Scott,' is the declaration of at least half the whigs we meet. Well, Southern delegates have done this, and if they are satisfied, we are. We can only say to their Gentlemen catch your own niggers by the ears, and never say another word about the Compromise Measures."

He that blows the coals in quarrels has nothing to do with, has no right to complain if the sparks fly in his face.

Mr. King's Letter.

SENATE CHAMBER, JUNE 22, 1852.

Gentlemen: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter, notifying me that I have been nominated by the Democratic Convention as Vice President of the United States.

This distinguished manifestation of the respect and confidence of my democratic brethren commands my most grateful acknowledgments, and I cheerfully accept the nomination with which I have been honored.

Throughout a long public life I am not conscious that I have ever swerved from those principles which have been cherished and sustained by the democratic party; and in whatever situation I may be placed, my countrymen may rest assured that I shall adhere to them faithfully and zealously—perfectly satisfied that the prosperity of our common country and the permanency of our free institutions can be promoted and preserved only by administering the government in strict accordance with them.

The platform as laid down by the Convention meets with my cordial approbation. It is national in all its parts; and I am content not only to stand upon it, but on all occasions to defend it.

For the very flattering terms in which you have been pleased, gentlemen, to characterize my public services, I feel that I am indebted to the personal regard which I am proud to know you individually entertain for me, and that you greatly overrate them. The only merit I can lay claim to is an honest discharge of the duties of the various positions with which I have been honored. This claim—nothing more.

With the highest respect and esteem I am, gentlemen, your fellow-citizen,
WILLIAM R. KING.
To Messrs. J. S. BARBOUR, J. THOMPSON, ALPHEUS FELCH, and P. SOULE.

Gen James, United States Senator, from Rhode Island, whose politics has been doubted for sometime, lately presided at a democratic meeting in Providence, and made quite an enthusiastic speech in defence of the principles of the great and time-honored democratic party.

A firm faith, is the best divinity a good life the best philosophy, a clear conscience the best law, honesty the best policy, and temperance the best medicine.

Speech

OF MR. GENTLY, OF TENNESSEE.

In opposition to General Scott.

How is the whig party to nationalize itself? By passing a resolution recognizing the Compromise measure "as a settlement, a final settlement, in principle and substance—of the dangerous subjects they embraced." I will be content with such a resolution as that adopted by the Democratic Convention. I am not disposed to criticize the democratic resolution, I am willing to take it *verbatim et literatim*. It satisfies me and I think that it would be about the best thing to do. Then there would be no issue between the two great parties on that great question, which ought not to be the subject of party debate—a question with respect to which all parties loyal to the Constitution ought to be perfectly agreed. Take that resolution, or something else that covers the whole ground as completely as it does, and then nominate Millard Fillmore or Daniel Webster as the whig candidate for the Presidency. That is my idea, and I am not very particular which of these gentlemen shall be nominated. My people are for Fillmore first, and I am with them. But I am equally willing, personally, to support Mr. Webster. But I am asked, why not take General Scott? I think the contest for a nomination is practically between these three gentlemen and one of the three will be nominated. I believe that the nomination of General Scott cannot now nationalize the whig party, even if you pass such resolutions as I have indicated, and he shall write a letter putting himself now distinctly upon that platform. Events have already transpired connected with his aspirations for the Presidency, which have infused into the southern mind, everywhere, a distrust which cannot be eradicated, and though he might be placed in such a position that the whigs might feel bound, perhaps through all the States of the South, to make a struggle for him, I believe that it would not be six weeks after he was nominated before it would be a manifest fact in the eyes of every man that he could not receive the vote of a single Southern State—not one. This is my opinion. You may talk about Bridgewater and Lundy's Lane, and Vera Cruz, and Cerro Gordo, and Chapultepec, and Molino del Rey, but it is a very unphilosophic mistake to suppose that the glories of those fields alone can satisfy the people of the South upon the questions to which I refer.

Whatever may be his individual sentiments or purposes, that will be the direction of the canvass. Already we see that the editor of the New York Tribune heralds to his readers, the nomination of Gen. Pierce, by the Democratic Convention as follows:
"The Union does not contain a bitterer or more proscriptive pro-slavery hunker than Franklin Pierce. For years he has been foremost in stifling every aspiration for freedom among the 'Democracy' of New Hampshire. He insisted that John P. Hale should be ostracized and crushed because he refused to vote for the annexation of Texas without a stipulation that some part of its immense unsettled territory should be secured for free soil. The Post has more recently seen this same Franklin Pierce deprive John Atwood of his nomination for Governor, and drive him out of the party for nothing else than expressing a repugnance to the Fugitive Slave law. In all New England, slavery and slavecatching have had no more unscrupulous thick and thin servitor than this same Frank Pierce."

Honor to Gen. Pierce, if the Tribune truly states his position, as I believe it does. Now, with what face can a southern man go before a southern audience to oppose the election of Gen. Pierce, to the Presidency of the United States, if he shall be opposed by any man who does not stand as unequivocally upon the same ground denounced by Mr. Greeley in the Tribune, and described in the article from which I have read? Why, sir, you may talk about Bridgewater, and Lundy's Lane, and Vera Cruz, and Cerro Gordo, all those battles in vain. You will get nothing in reply but a bitter laugh of scorn and derision from the southern people when you stand up before them and try to reconcile them to such a state of facts, with such miserable humbuggery as that. They will despise you, laugh at you, and scorn you. You will fail as badly as Kosuth failed in his Southern campaign. The people of the South cannot be thus humbugged. When Webster's views were heard reverberating through the land in tones such as no man ever uttered, exploring, and aging, and convincing the people that there were obligations imposed upon them by the Constitution which required them to stand by these Compromise measures, and to execute the Fugitive slave law; and when Fillmore, with all his influence as President of the United States, was endeavoring to persuade the people of the North to settle these questions upon some great national basis, Seward seized upon Gen. Scott, and wailing him as a warrior wields his battle-axe, he drove into Fillmore and Webster, and all the patriotic men of the North, who stood with them upon this patriotic ground. Gen. Scott was all the while profoundly silent upon the subject. If he was in favor of these measures when this mighty struggle was being made before the tribunal of public opinion, the result of which involved the best interests of the Republic, present and prospective, why did he not come up and give to Webster and Fillmore the in-

fluence of his mighty name, and aid them in harmonizing the country and bringing northern men to a sound position upon this question? Why did he not do it? It can only be accounted for by ascribing to him that sort of ambition which made the angels fall from Heaven. He wanted the Presidency, and, in his extreme desire to be President, he forgot the higher and nobler duty which he owed to his country. That is the whole of it. No man is so glorious in this country, when he aspires to the first place in the Republic, as to make it careless to speak freely of his position and of the tendencies—political tendencies—likely to result from his success. We have a right to speak freely. I claim that right, and no man shall make a brand.

Now, sir, I have read in some old books which described the usages and customs in the barbarous and dark ages of the world, that when some unfortunate subject incurred the displeasure of his king, the order was promptly given to behead him and to stick his head upon a pike staff and carry it through the streets. On such occasions all loyal subjects were required to fall into the train, to testify the justice and power of their sovereign, who had exterminated his enemy, by shouts and hurrahs. Now, if Gen. Scott is nominated at Baltimore, what a triumph for Seward! What a shout of exultation will burst from his lips, and from the lips of all his faithful and hopeful followers! Some willing mercenaries will be ready, figuratively speaking, to raise aloft upon their pike-staffs, the heads of Webster and Fillmore, and all Northern Union loving whigs who have stood by them in triumph through the streets amid the shouts and hurrahs of their victorious enemies, and we shall have a grand jubilee, exulting glorification, to celebrate the occasion! As a loyal whig who has never proved unfaithful to my party, myself and my Southern whig friends will be required to fall silently into line, and contemplate the rear guard of Mr. Seward's column, and give him our voices to swell the jubilee exultation. Well, perhaps I may say, [Laughter.] But my opinion is, that my utmost efforts to shout will resolve itself into a groan of despair. I cannot do it. I will not. But that down in your note book. "Well, what will you do?" "Join the Democratic party!" [Laughter.] I do not think I shall. I do not know what I believe to be my duty. My present impression is, that I deem it more consistent with my pride of character to stand aloof from the contest. But if I thought one man's vote or one man's influence necessary to elect the *right* of Tennessee Pierce and King, my voice and my vote should be given to them unhesitatingly. And any gentleman who dreams that any Southern State will cast its vote for Gen. Scott in the next Presidential election, dreams, in my opinion, a dream that will never be realized.

But I suppose that for this I am to be a proscribed and denounced character—an excommunicated Whig. Well, gentlemen, I defy you all. [Laughter.] I only trust that no man shall denounce me until he can show a better whig character in the party than I can. Observe this condition, and I am willing for you to say what you please. I acknowledge, to a proper extent, the influence of party; but I owe to my country an allegiance higher than any party can impose. I should consider myself a traitor, to retreat to all the interests of those who have honored me with their confidence in sending me here. If I would for a moment cooperate in producing such results as I have described. What shall I do? Why, I am very much troubled about it. It is exceedingly painful for a man who stands as I stand, and who stood as I have stood, to be separated from his party, and to be brought into antagonism with those with whom he has been associated; and, therefore, I have been recurring to my early reading of poetry to find some consolation, and I have determined to adopt the advice which Cato gave to his son—

"My son, thou art a corrupted State. Wrestling with vice and faction, how thou dost pine! Spent, overpowered, despairing of success, I have done thee thus to succumb to fate. To thy paternal seat, the Sabine hills, where the great Censor could with his own hands, And all our rugged ancestors trace their lineage in humble virtues and a rural life. There lived retired, pray for the peace of Rome!"

Content thyself to be obscurely good. When vice prevails, and impious men pass away. The poet of Rome, in a private station. If I cannot go any where else, I will go home. [Laughter.] In a sequestered valley in the State of Tennessee there is a smiling farm, with bubbling fountains, covered with rich pasturage and fat flocks, and all that is needful for the occupation and enjoyment of a man of uncorrupted tastes. I will go there and pray for "Rome," and abide my time for a better day.

Mr. Chairman, we must nationalize our selves. It is contrary to admit from these duties of the hour. I trust that had been men who say they see the right, and yet dare not do it, had freedom been won. Never. We had still been the slaves of England. If we—there was—cannot act up to the example they set us, the glorious inheritance they bequeathed to us, will be lost forever. I invoke you to make a correct appreciation of impending dangers, and to awake to the obligations which it is a disgrace to any man who claims the character of a patriot not to discharge.